



No II.

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The oppressed BULL-HORNED DREAMER,

Who thought he was turned into a FOX, and had a long conferance with that voracious animal, and when awaked, he was still a man.

At night being a little engaged in company, we talked freely ament the politics of a great city, and the hardships which it has laboured under for a number of years past; that they have studied to bring themselves into thralldom, by being patronized by some great men, who always took the advantage of them; and by cunning arts deprived them of a great part of their former liberties and privileges. Yet for all their fair promises, when they came to be chosen by the citizens, all their promises vanished into smoke. Their chief care was then an eye, how they should aggrandize themselves, and before they quitted their stations, to have an affluent High Post, and then let the inhabitants stand to their hazard.

Yet for as often as the citizens has been imposed upon, when one of these tyrants went off, there was another with double chains ready to fix you; and none is more ready to bring you in bondage than some of your fellow-citizens who is employed to deceive you.

Would the citizens chuse known men of character amongst themselves, and and not been biased, as they have been, with self-seeking squanderers, who has nothing in view but to lie in wait, and deceive: for instance the cunning *Piss-p-- Mettle-fellow* by his ignorance, became a dictator amongst the incorporations. They well knew he was a deceiving fellow, and a time-server. They as well knew, that if they did not go into his schemes, that he would endeavour to ruin their credit: so against their will many of them behove to swallow their bait, and when he caroused with some of them, he cried out, "Sir L*****e for ever! for ever!" But now they see, after their eyes has been opened, "Piss P*t and Sir L*****e for never! for never!"

I came to my own Lodgings, after parting with my companions, and went to bed, and falling asleep, I dreamed and thought I saw an old Fox lying near the park-dyke-side of Culloden, groaning and lamenting; I thought he spoke,

and said, O Sir! I am a Fox of a Southland breed, I have worried a number of Northern sheep, and has been pursued by house dogs and collies, and am lying here until I breathe a little. To which I answered, O Mr Reynard! you are in my mercy, but were you known round this country as well as in the No 45; you could not be safe in no part in North-Britain. I then marked the Fox and left him. I then dreamed I saw him again lying tumbling, and crying at Dumfermling, and he had then a young Fox with him who was a dull like brute: I said O Mr Reynard! are you here, yes said he seeking whom I can devour, are you to learn young Reynard to do so? yes, yes or he shall not hold by my tail if he be not blood thirsty: are you not afraid said I to lurk about Towns? he said no, I'll make them be afraid of their sheep, for all their dogs, hounds, and collies. I told him he kepted my mark well since I saw him at Culloden, yes said he I keep a mark that a friend gives me, and if I die or be worried, I'll tell my young Reynard to be a friend to you.

By this time I thought I was a Tod, as like himself as I thought one like was like another, and we ran some time together, but I was affrighted at his tricks and cunning; he told me thousands of his villiany's and tricks, and said all those were natural to him, and that his young Reynard he hop'd would be as villianous, and keep in mind to deceive all those who would trust him, as he had done and should do.

After this I thought we came to an Inn, where the dogs gave us a chase: and in fright I wakened, and behold I was a Man and not a Tod.

This has lying hard on my memory, but I have told it with pleasure, in order that some of my good friends may unriddle my dream; for I am not to hide a pig in a pock, neither am I to keep company more with any of the voracious beasts of prey, either sleeping or waking.

A DREAMER.